

THE COMET.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
Subscription price, one year, \$1.50.
Where ad space is not used, \$1.50 per year will be charged.
Entered at the Postoffice at Johnson City, Tenn., as Second Class Matter.
We are authorized and requested to announce Mr. W. H. HICKS as a candidate for Sheriff of Sullivan County. Election August next.
We are authorized and requested to announce Mr. HENRY A. HALE as a candidate for Sheriff of Washington County. Election August next.

Lard and Bacon Hams.
HUNT & LIDE.
Sunday School jubilee at the Baptist Church next Sunday.
Nails! Nails!! Nails!!!
HUNT & LIDE.
Dr. Geo. H. Berry returned Thursday evening from Newport.
Tobacco 35 cents per pound.
HUNT & LIDE.

Miss Hannah Butler, of Jonesboro, is visiting Miss Minnie Berkley.
Granulated Sugar, 11 lbs to the dollar.
HUNT & LIDE.
Miss White, of Florida, is visiting Miss Sallie Faw.
Golden C Sugar, 12 1/2 lbs to the dollar.
HUNT & LIDE.

More new goods received at Mrs. N. A. Nettleton's Thursday, May 1st.
Wanted.—One hundred three year-old heifers, not with calf.
John I. Hoss, Jonesboro, Tenn.
Three Steel Hoes, for one dollar.
HUNT & LIDE.

Straw hats and billious attacks have made their appearance in Johnson City.
Paints, Oils and Glass, at low figures, and quality guaranteed.
HUNT & LIDE.
Auction, Auction.—Kite & Co. will almost give away a great quantity of goods on Monday, May 12th. Remember the time.
Watauga Baptist Sunday school meets at Watauga church May 9th and 10th, all are invited.

We do not intend to be undersold.
HUNT & LIDE.
Geo. P. Crouch the live drummer had a splendid line of goods on exhibition here this week.
Jno. W. Hunter and wife went up to Stony Creek on a short visit this week.
Buy your Hardware at **HUNT & LIDE.**

Dan Setser needn't stop so lightly and look so grand. Other people are daddies, as well as him.
Best quality Canned Goods.
HUNT & LIDE.
Mr. Azariah Peoples, is a candidate for Trustee of Washington county. He is a good citizen, and an honest man, and would serve the people well.

Miss Blanche Devault who has lately returned from a pleasant visit to her Brothers D. J. Devault, of Florida is visiting Mrs. I. T. Jobe.
Finest Chewing Tobacco at **HUNT & LIDE'S**
We are sorry to report the death at her home in this place, April 25th of Mrs. Jno. Caldwell. Mrs. C. had been confined to her bed for 8 or 10 months from Paralysis.
Mr. Woods, of Boston, a friend of our esteemed friend and fellow citizen, H. B. Clark, was in the city last Saturday, and gave THE COMET a pleasant call.

Mr. E. S. Barker, representative of Stein & Marshall's music establishment in Knoxville, was in Johnson City looking after the interest of his house, this week.
We defy competition. **HUNT & LIDE.**
Iko T. Jobe the boss drummer now boarding at home, says he likes all kinds of vegetables that can be raised in a garden except the hoo, he don't want to raise it at all.

Miss Hammit, David Kitzmiller's cook, Boon's Creek, weighs 315 lbs. She and Squire Joe Dove were weighed on the same scales the other day, and tipped the beam at 501 lbs.
We learn from a gentleman who has lately been across the mountains into N. C. that there is a heavy peach bloom over there, we are glad to know it for in our section here, peaches will be few and far between.

Dr. J. R. Graves will preach at Johnson City May 4th at 10 o'clock, at Jonesboro the night of 4th, at Fordtown May 6, remaining four days Watauga second Sunday May 11 and Saturday before, Sunday night at Elizabethton.
Ladies remember the opening of trimmed Hats and Bonnets, and of a splendid line of Millinery goods at Hunter & Christians, will be next Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6th and 7th. Be sure and come.

Lacy Lawrence is still talking fruit trees. Anybody doubting this can be satisfied by calling at the city hotel. We will give THE COMET, free for one year to any nervous man who will sit five hours and listen to Lacy talk, and refuse to buy a bill of trees. See add.

We understand that Col. Wm. Bowman of Boons Creek has quit "calling the roll" and gone to squirrel hunting. Boons creek papers please copy.

Our excellent printer boy, Johnnie Bell, is quite sick at his home in this place. We do sincerely hope he will soon be restored to health, and that we may again listen to the click of type from his nimble fingers.

Pilot Jeff Jobe of the "Shite poke" brought in a lot of fine fish a few days ago from the beautiful Watauga. He says the "Shite poke" is crowded every Saturday. Dr. Armstrongs glue club is all the go. Sandy Stuart will sing "Rye straw" a solo next Saturday.

Married.—At the residence of the brides father, Dr. E. Murray, near Jonesboro, May 1. Mr. A. K. B. Owa, of Bristol, to Miss Ella Murray. Attendants, Mr. A. B. Hodges and Miss Mollie Brown, J. K. Hill and Miss Sallie Brown. Rev. Z. L. Burson, of Bristol, tied the knot.

The people of Johnson City have to stuff cotton in their ears now, on account of the hum of machinery and the rattle and roar of hammers and saws, and on account of—well—don't say anything about it—like Jobe and Lacy Lawrence, are in town. Nice men sir, nice men, good talkers.

Save Your Money.—I am agent for Oscar Hammonds monuments and tombstone marble works at Morris-town, Tenn. Call on or address me. I can sell a better class of work for less money than you can buy in this end of the State. G. L. CLAY, Agt. Johnson City, Tenn., April 23rd, 1884.

If there is anything Johnson City can boast of, it is her photograph gallery. J. A. Cargill is one of the very best artists in the south. He handles the sunshine and shadows with the skill of a master, and makes the cabinet reflect the human face, true to nature as the mirror. See add.

Another large party of emigrants left East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, on the 29th inst. for Oregon and Idaho. R. S. Patty, of our city chaperoned them. Farmer Patty is thinning out our population with his eloquent speeches about the beautiful land where milk and honey flow.

Miss Alice Lyle who went from Morristown to Africa as a missionary two or three months ago, died on the 14th of March, near Monrovia, on the St. Paul river, Africa, from fever. She was a sister of Don C. M. Lyle, of Morristown and was raised in Carter co. She was well known to most of our people, and leaves a host of friends who will regret to learn of her early death.

Henry C. Carter and family of Ashville N. C. spent a week in Johnson city and vicinity among their friends, and returned to their home in the old North State last Thursday. Mrs. Carter, formerly Miss Anna Love, has changed but little in appearance since Henry took her away as his bride, seven years ago. Two bright boys and a pretty little fair haired daughter call them papa and mama. Mr. Carter is engaged in the tobacco business in Ashville.

O. C. King, Esq., of Morristown, made us a pleasant call Tuesday. He is a plain-spoken man, one in whom there is no guile. We made Mr. King's acquaintance soon after the late unpleasantness, and our friendship for him grows with time. We hope to have the pleasure of voting for him for Congress next fall.—Bristol Courier.

We understand that Gen. Imboden has received a dispatch, stating that the syndicate which he represents, has made the necessary deposit in New York, and that work on the railroad from this point to Big Stone Gap will be commenced at once. It was thought that the deposit (\$70,000) had to be made in Bristol, but this was a mistake.—Bristol Courier.

Lewis Moreland, (col.) put himself upon the country, or rather upon squire Crumley, last Sunday, on the charge of overwhelming Prof. J. B. McMillan with his eloquence on the sentimental subject of shoes. Mr. Moreland wasn't satisfied with squire Crumley's decision, and got Constable John Sanders to get lodging for him in jail till Judge Hacker could look into the case.

Our spring stock of Furniture is now ready for inspection. We present, as usual, the largest stock, the greatest variety and most artistic designs, and the very best goods in the market. We invite comparison with the cheapest. Purchasers will do themselves an injustice if they fail to examine our stock before buying, as we invariably make the lowest prices.
McNEIL & WOLF.

Mrs. Ike T. Jobe and Miss Blanche Devault went fishing the other day and were very lucky. They caught two fine crawfishes and a tadpole and generously presented them to the Taylors of THE COMET nicely done up in an oyster can. "Tad pole and craw fish" would be a good motto for a newspaper. Tadpole is emblematic of "go ahead" and the crawfish teaches that it is sometimes necessary to back out, to take it back, to retract to "craw fish," especially when a great big double listed American citizen rushes in to your office with ashy face and demands an explanation.

Mrs. N. A. Nettleton has just received a new stock of goods. But few women in Tennessee have exhibited the push and grit which have characterized the career of this plucky little merchant. THE COMET wishes her health and wealth.

The new Bakery has been removed from the old Hyder stand to Dr. Worley's property. A new oven has been built and the bakery is now ready to feed the hungry. Dr. Worley will soon have every thing in splendid shape. He will keep on hand a constant supply of Ice cream and lemonade, and all kinds of cakes and confectioneries. Go to the bakery and see and taste for your selves.

We learn that the work of peeling tan bark is being pushed by the enterprising firm of Horton Yeomum & Co, with a vim. Fifty men are on the Buffalo mountains, forty or fifty at Bay's mountain and one hundred and thirty at Vances Tank, Sullivan Co. Esq. Mat Carr is bossing at Vances, P. Q. Miller and Drewry Harvey, are whooping them up on the Buffalo.

What is more pleasant than to sit in your office on a beautiful May day, and look out on the green fields, and blue mountains and listen to the songs of birds and the sweet voice of your devil caroling for copy. How gracefully your fingers hold the pencil and wait for you to think up some startling intelligence to convey to your astonished subscribers. Some beautiful thought passes through your brain, but is out and gone before you can capture it and cage it in words, and you sit and sigh, and wish you had some salt to put on that thoughts tail. Your enraptured soul, spreads its pinions and flutters and soars and swoops over that beautiful thought till the mortal casket wears out waiting for the souls return and sweetly sleeps. When you wake, from your dreams, how like the music of a flute is the voice of your foreman when he tells you softly, he has found some good "clippings."

These warm spring days make a body feel so tired—that is most people are glad when night comes. But the Taylors of THE COMET can actually sit all day in the shade and watch 'em plow and hoe and sweat, and not get tired a bit, himself. No, indeed, we are always sorry to see the shadows of evening come. For our wife never fails to want a little fire made to keep the children from taking cold, or a pitcher of fresh water, or wants us to go back down town and get a \$1 worth of coffee, or orders us to hunt some pumnyrol to drive the fleas away. If not that, she asks us to hold the baby and keep 'em out of the fire 'till she can run across the street and see Miss Mollie a little while. She generally stays two hours. We are generally tired when she gets back, but we never tell her so. We have been in several campaigns, and have learned to think before we speak. Sometimes we think and don't speak at all. Discretion is the better part of valor.

On Saturday, the 26th inst there was a grand parade of Odd Fellows at Whitesburg. Leaving Johnson City at 7 o'clock a. m., the train put on brakes at the stations along the line and took on board "The Knights of the Three Links," by the score, and moved into the beautiful town of Whitesburg about 11 o'clock, loaded with laughing boys, jolly men, and a large number of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. We were received by our regalized brothers, amid the music of bands, and the welcoming smiles and words, of noble men, fair maids and gentle matrons.

The day was lovely. The speaking was grand, except the remarks of the Taylors of THE COMET. He forgot his speech that morning, and left it in the bureau drawer to waste its sweetness among old socks, and shirts on the re-rolled list. The address of welcome was beautiful in conception and gracefully delivered. The eating was indulged in with great success. It did not seem to require even an effort. The Johnson City "fellows" ate forty odd chickens, and every thing else in proportion. After dinner brother Manpin soared among the stars and comets, blew the sun out and turned the moon to blood, but insisted that the principles of odd fellowship would survive the wreck of worlds. Major Dougherty, thundered and lightning and the whole crowd was "struck." The music was exquisite, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Whitesburg made a lasting impression on us all, and we made a lasting impression on Whitesburg, especially on its hams and chickens, and a hundred and odd other eating materials. Long live Whitesburg, with its hospitality, and cheerful people.

From Milligan.
DEAR COMET.—We were turned loose last Saturday (April 26th), to go to Cranberry N. C., on an excursion trip. We were all young and gayly. We mounted the train at Milligan Station. As we proceeded onward, some of the young gents, tried to pass themselves off as Professors, but the counterfeits were detected, and the one most desirous of being called Professor, was called Prof. Shanks. One gent remarked just before we came to the gorge: "There! that country begins to look like home." The conductor replied: "Just hold on a few moments, and you will be right at home." The inquisitive student said: "How do you know so well

where I live." The conductor replied: "I can tell by your actions." Some of the people were surprised to see me look so straight at the hills up there, but I did not care for that. I went for the purpose of looking at the country, and I did not propose to be blind folded. We had some very pretty ladies on board, from this college. They were under the supervision of Mrs. Hopwood, who is a proficient teacher, and a highly accomplished lady.

As it is natural, the young gents seemed to have an interest in the ladies welfare, so they went with them to see them safe over the rough places. The miners seemed to be of the higher order. We did not hear a profane word uttered while we were there. We were all astonished at the rocks 1,000 feet high, all but one confused that they never saw the like before, and this one was a gentleman who had traveled over the Rocky mountains. It would pay any person who is fond of scenery to come from the Mississippi valley to look at this magnificent country, with its snow capped mountains. One so desiring could ascend the highest mountains east of the Rockies, by going a few miles off the railroad. We were conducted in the mines where they were drilling by compressed air. The young man who conducted us in, was a volunteer from the iron mines, and unfortunately I was in a hurry to get to the cars before they started back, and I did not get to thank him for his hospitality. The kind treatment that we received on our journey was highly appreciated. Respectfully,
W. E. Read.

April 29th 1884

Watauga Baptist Sunday School Convention
Meets with Watauga Church, Carter-co, Tenn., May 9th and 10th, 1884.
Programme.

- Topics for discussion.
1. Object and advantages of Sunday Schools. Opened by Rev. C. B. Yarbrough and Rev. A. J. F. Hyder.
 2. The importance of a Sunday School in every Baptist church. Rev. P. Williams and D. J. Farthing.
 3. Duties and discouragements of superintendents. Dr. G. H. Crosswhite and Rev. J. J. Cole.
 4. Denominational literature, lesson helps, and music. Eld. J. H. Hyder and J. G. Pleasant.
 5. Missions, and the Sunday School. Rev. D. Kitzmiller and J. B. Vought.
 6. What shall be taught in the Sunday School. Dr. L. F. Hyder and W. D. Hunter.
 7. The best mode of conducting a Sunday School to bring children to Christ. Rev. J. L. Bowers and Rev. J. W. Richardson.
 8. Woman's work in the Sunday School. T. E. R. Hunter and R. A. Shoun.
- Dr. J. R. Graves will preach on Saturday and Sunday.
Committee. (T. E. R. HUNTER, J. P. VANDER, F. WILLIAMS.

Office of East Tennessee & Western North Carolina Railroad Company.
ELIZABETHTON, CARTER CO., TENN.
April 14th, 1884.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Railroad Company will be held at the office of the Company, Elizabethton, Carter county, Tennessee, on Wednesday, the 21st day of May, 1884, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
JOHN S. WISE, Secretary.

Attention Farmers.

I hereby notify the people of Washington, Carter and Unicoi that I am going to exchange factory goods and yarn for wool. I represent the Watauga Mills and will sell goods as cheap as they can be bought at that or any other factory. I will pay fifty cts for nice clean wool and make no deduction. I will have your carding and spinning done for ten cents, cash on not yarn, cheaper for cash than you can buy any where. I am hired by the month and every body will save money by waiting until I call before they exchange. I will also call on the people of Yancy and Mitchell counties N. C. and will do all I can to accommodate them. When you here my trumpet look out for me and get your cash ready. Persons wishing to dispose of their wool early will drop me a card at Okolona, Carter co.

W. G. ANDERSON.

Politics and Muscle.

"Papa," said a small boy, "is President Arthur a big man?"
"No, my son, not particularly large."
"But he is mighty stout, ain't he?"
"I never heard that he was very much on his muscle. Why?"
"Because I heard a man say to-day that he could carry Ohio and Ohio weighs a good deal, don't it?"
"Oh! ah! Run away and play. You don't understand politics, my boy. And the fellow you heard say that, doesn't know much more," he remarked to himself as the boy went out.

In Sunday School.

Teacher—"Now, boys, can you tell me how Jonah was punished for his disobedience?"
Small boy—"Just like I was yesterday."
Teacher—"How was that?"
Small boy—"Please ma'm, I was whaled."—N. Y. Journal.

EAST TENNESSEE, VIRGINIA & GEORGIA RAILROAD
TIME TABLE.
In Effect December 30th, 1883.
(Central Standard Time.)

EASTWARD.		Daily No. 1	Daily No. 2
At Chattanooga	12.10 pm	7.40 pm	
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